

# All the Wrong Places

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Summary: We are lost; with fire in our hearts, demons in our heads and fireflies that lead us to all the wrong places; In which after she escapes her tower, Rapunzel meets viking Hiccup and his dragon Toothless and together they escape to find the home that has always been with them all along Discontinued

## 1. Chapter 1

HI GUYS IM BAAACK and hopefully this story will be longer though the plot was kind of the last minute and I don't see any scenes which will happen in the future, im just gonna have to wing it

I do not own How to train your dragon nor tangled (sadly)

\* \* \*

><p>At this point I just had to give up and accept the hopelessness of the situation. The sun had almost risen to its zenith in the sky when I stopped near a clearing after running around lost in this maze of a forest. My bare feet throbbed and had blisters since it had seriously left my mind to put on a pair of shoes. The lace lining of the hem of my skirt was torn because it kept snagging into bushes and thorns. My hair though was my biggest problem. A train of golden locks snaked across and around trees, accumulating an astounding amount of twigs, leaves and dirt. I was tired and sweaty and on the brink of giving up. I knew this was a bad idea. I should have just listened to mother about not leaving the tower. I'm not going to survive a day here what with 70 feet of hair and a frying pan.<p>

But thenâ€¦|

If I hadn't left that tower, I wouldn't be here by now on my way to the kingdom to see my beloved floating lanterns which will appear a night from now. Once a year ever since I was a child I always snuck

out my room and opened the window to reveal a night sky painted with those floating lights. My mother always argued that they were stars, but I knew in my heart they weren't. Stars remained fixed in one position while these lights moved and danced and gave life to the night sky. Although why they appeared on my birthday and \_only \_on my birthday was the mystery I wanted to solve. It felt like they meant something; that they were meant for me. I vowed to see them one day and not just from the tower window but in person.

But now, well, that image seems to be fading quite fast since I have no clue where I am right now. I think a miracle is what I need to get out of this forest.

So while waiting for that big miracle to arrive and hit me in the face, I decided to just venture towards where the trees thinned out and revealed a cliff. Before I could even step into it there was a great beating that sounded like thunder. It sounded like it was \_beckoning \_thunder. Its thud echoed onto the ground and shook the air with an unimaginable force. So think about this; I have never stepped foot outside the tower till now and I'm pretty sure I know nothing of the outside world. So what does a small skinny young woman do when she hears a frightful sound like that?

I should have sprinted but my feet wouldn't let me move. So I crouched low behind the large rock, with one hand holding my frying pan and the other gripping the rock's mossy surface praying that this would last. Then with one last loud thudding sound everything went still. The air calmed and the leaves of the trees with it. Several seconds passed before I even had the courage to breathe, realizing I've been holding my breath. When I looked back a lump formed in my throat and I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach when I saw the contrasting zigzag of golden hair behind me. \_Stupid\_.

\_Miracle it'd really be nice if you hit me in the face now\_.

Another minute passed before I heard a voice. My nerves and shaking prevented me from hearing clearly. When I finally calmed down and mustered the courage to actually stop shaking, I slowly got up, my legs and arms tensing and ready to take off if ever someone sees me.

"We've really gotta work on you solo gliding there bud." The voice said again. I have to get out here. But, who is he talking to? The person is definitely a boy but who is he with? I shouldn't have let my curiosity take over but it was so tempting to just stick my head out a little.

"Vikings and dragons. Enemies again." He said. Wait, Vikings? Dragons?

There was a soft thud and laughing but it didn't sound like human laughter. \_Aren't Vikings those people who raid and steal other people's lands? Aren't they killers? Aren't dragons killers as well? \_I was overcome by a new wave of panic and as I steadied myself I accidentally hit the rock with my pretty useless frying pan. It caused a really loud ringing sound which echoed through the trees. There was silence as I thought of a way to get out. I need to get out. So without even thinking it through, I ran.

My heart beat against its cage so hard that the whole forest seemed

to hear its sound. Clutching my frying pan close to my chest I heaved and pushed my feet to go faster. I can hear the thundering sound looming over me, its shadow gliding across the trees. \_I'm going to die. They're going to catch me. They're going to cut off my hair. I'm going to die.\_ Tears filled my eyes and I'm starting to slow down.

It happened so fast.

The darkness caught up on me and I accepted my fate but I still ran. Then as I did a sharp turn it slammed right on my face and I fell down, my legs crumbling, my frying pan flew from my grasp. \_This is it.\_

Surprisingly I didn't lose consciousness but my vision blurred and I began seeing red spots. As it adjusted to the sunlight I found myself face to face with it. My worst nightmare. It loomed over me, shadowing my crumbling body. In moments of riot and chaos your mind tends to focus on the small things. And as I watched this creature stare at me like dinner, my eyes searched it all over. Its dark body was hugged by scales that reflected the light. A scar was visible on its neck just stopping before where its wings are. Its slit eyes had a dark look.

Then in those moments when all hope seemed lost, an image of the lights appeared before me. I suddenly see it-the floating lanterns; the reason why I left my tower, the reason why I am here. And in that moment I decided that I will not accept this. I will not let this creature take away my dream.

Tensing my body, I slowly reached for my frying pan. With one last ounce of strength I swung it at the creature and quickly got up. But as I backed away I felt something move behind me. Not risking it, I swung the pan again at my possible captor and when it hit home, I heard him cry out in pain.

"\_Not today." \_I whispered harshly and for the third time that day, I ran for my life.

\* \* \*

><p>So how was it? Was it okay? It's so short ugh idk. But yeah poor hiccup haha<br>Peace out my cupcakes

## 2. Chapter 2-The Deal

A.N. HI GUYS Sorry it took 2 days, I couldn't bear looking at a blank screen with a blank mind so it took me several fanfics and several fanmixes to get the reative juices flowing. So some of you may have been pretty confused back in the first chapter, so uh sorry for that. that was actually kind of a prologue haha and hopefully some confusion will be cleared in this chappy. Also, I used older Hiccup since he's 18-ish in httyd2 so it fits. anyways sorry if there are a few spelling errors or some sentences/phrases are grammatically incorrect. i wrote this at like 12 midnight last night and everything was a blur.

\_\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon nor Tangled. The characters used in this story belong to Dreamworks and Disney.\*\*\_

\* \* \*

><p>How my hair still hasn't ended up tangled around a tree is a surprise. It's a few hours past noon. The trees hovered above me as the lights seeping through the leaves spotted and danced on my body. My legs have grown tired from all the walking though I am nowhere near the village. I would have just given up and gone back to the tower (although I have no idea how I can climb back up) hours ago, but when I look back I just feel even more lost. The only thing that's left is to just keep going.<p>

Luckily I managed to gather up most of my hair in a bunch with a few feet of it trailing behind me. Dozens of oak and birch trees later, fatigue had overcome my body and I had to surrender to it. So I had no choice but to sit down and rest against a large oak tree that shielded me from too much sunlight. I curled my legs beneath me and listened to the silence. It was so eerily beautiful out here. As I looked up at the winding branches and vines, a stream of dust danced across a beam of light.

As I was finally submitting to sleep, the last thing I saw were the falling leaves and the last thing I heard was thunder.

\_It glowed so bright, brighter than the sun. Its rays stretched out, as if it were beckoning me. I felt it. Warmth, happiness, contentment. I ran to embrace it, for it to swallow me in its brilliance. But before my outstretched hand could touch the tips of its rays, it vanished. I was suddenly thrust into deep darkness. I felt so lost. The cold seeped through my veins and the sadness enveloping my heart. \_

\_But then they appeared again; the lights, \_my\_ light. They started filling up the darkness, banishing it. The light embraced me, blinding me. And the last thing I saw were a pair of sad green eyes.\_

And apparently that's also what I woke up to.

An ear-splitting scream filled the forest as I shakily got up, struggling to keep balance as my mind whirled, still recovering from the dream. The dragon stood there in all its enigmatic wonder, staring at me. I tried to back away until my back was fully pressed against the tree. My whole body shook with fear. I think I'm really going to be eaten this time. So I closed my eyes, held my breath and waited for the fatal blow. I can feel its warm breath move closer. \_This is it.\_

"Toothless!" Someone shouted. The dragon backed away. I open my eyes, still holding my breath. The sound of footsteps alerted me and I turned to find my captor (well sort of) walking towards me. So this is the Viking. Upper half of his body wore leather with iron plates that looked heavy and uncomfortable. His armor was also donned with arm brackets. His dark pants had straps around them. I searched him up and down, my eyes scrutinizing every fiber of him. Then I noticed his left leg. Where his shin was supposed to be had been replaced by a mechanical prosthetic. I had grown considerably curious then as to why he walked normally.

But I was suddenly filled with anger mixed with fear, but mostly

anger. It must have registered on my face since he slowed his walking and had a guarded face.

"Who are you and how did you find me?" I asked, a bit of boldness finally taking over.

The boy stopped in his tracks. His hands went up to run his fingers through an unkempt mass of dark brown hair.

I was starting to lose my patience. "I said, who are you and \_how did you find me?\_" I demanded, raising my frying pan. My voice shook with anger.

He cleared his throat and seemed unsure on how to answer. I stoop up straighter and gave him an (hopefully) intimidating look. I do have the right to know who they are and what their purpose is for finding me. Besides, they might be able to help me get to the kingdom.

Finally, he answered. "My name is Hiccup Haddock, and hard as it may be to believe, I'm not going to hurt you." Sure.

"Well \_Hiccup Haddock\_" I emphasized his name, and started to move closer to him, pointing the pan in his direction. "I want to know why and \_how\_ you came to find me?" I stopped right in front of him raising my frying pan to rest between what little gap is between us. The adrenaline is pumping inside me and I stared him down. His eyes were green.

"It has something to do with following a ridiculously long trail of golden hair which we assumed belong to you because of our earlier uhm \_encounter\_" He reasoned, referring to when I 'accidentally' struck him with a frying pan. Well, it was his fault for being in the way. "Also," he added nodding towards his dragon, \_Toothless\_? "We got curious."

I was still fuming and unsatisfied with his answer. All these years I have been warned by Mother about thieves and thugs roaming the kingdom, searching for treasure or gold and he will obtain using anything beyond reason. I am dubious of his words. How can I be so sure he isn't after my hair? I unconsciously clutched at it, feeling overprotective all of a sudden.

"So." I circled him, careful not to trip on my hair. "Are you here for my hair?" I just outright asked the Viking boy. He looked confused and amused, to my surprise.

He looked like he was on the brink of laughing. "Your hair? What am I going to \_do\_ with your hair?"

This savage really had a way of infuriating someone. And I have had enough of this since I'm very tired and hungry and I only have a day left till the floating lights appear. "Why, you-you're going to cut it! An-and sell it! And God knows what else!" I stuttered out, cheeks reddening and my hands wounding tighter around the handle of the pan. I gestured furiously at him.

Now he just looked more confused than ever. "Wha-that's it I give up." He chuckled. He \_chuckled\_. How \_dare\_ he. "Come on Toothless." He gestured at his dragon and they both turned to leave.

How dare he leave me like this? I ran towards them but struggled to keep up with his long strides. He ignored me and my protests and the fact that I was now as red as a tomato ready to explode. I pushed what little strength I had regained into my legs and overtook them. They stopped and he gave me an amused look, one which made me want to claw his face out.

"So you're just going to leave me? Just like that?" I swung my pan in frantic motions.

He sighed, exasperated. "Listen lady, you're clearly delusional and bipolar. So we think it's best if we left you alone with you \_very\_ valuable \_hair\_." He rolled his eyes and pushed past me. Oh the audacity of it!

But I wasn't going to give up. I turned and grabbed hold of his arm and apparently my fingers slipped open one of his arm brackets. As he shook me off, an object fell out of the bracket and landed with a small thud on the ground. I stopped to retrieve and examine it. He must have sensed me stopping since he looked back.

"What is this?" I shook off the dirt. It was a small notebook. Nothing much really. Its dark leather cover was worn and was starting to tear at the edges. I was going to open it whenâ€¦

"Hey give that back." The boy reached for it, but luckily I was fast enough to keep it out of reach.

I held it as far from him as possible, teasing him with it. "Clearly it's some \_value\_ to you." I smirked as he frowned and we went around in circles with him desperately clawing it out of my grasp.

Then it hit me. And no it wasn't the miracle. It was an idea. This, this notebook could be my way out of here! This has got to be it; there's no other way unless I'd rather walk a few more circles around the forest. I smiled mischievously at myself.

I distanced myself from him holding out my pan between us so he wouldn't get any ideas. "Okay listen here Viking, I have a proposition for you." I quickly continued before he could interrupt. My hands clutched the notebook tighter as my smile grew wider. "Since this notebook is so valuable to you, I have decided not to give it back."

"What?!" He exclaimed. But I silenced him with a look.

"Unlessâ€¦ You offer me a ride to the village before tomorrow night on your, err, friend over there. I pointed to his dragon who was busy hurling himself around at falling leaves. He's going to have to do.

His confused look never left his face. But he seemed to understand what I just said. And he'll have no reason but to accept the offer, right? That is, if he is so desperate to get his book back. He seemed to be thinking this over but I need an answer now. I crossed my arms and tapped my foot impatiently on the ground.

Then,

"Now Toothless!" He shouted. I stood there in a confused stupor. Then the dragon jumped and landed in front of me, between his owner and the beloved notebook in my hands. I backed away slowly as its malevolent cat-like eyes bore into mine. Then, as clumsy as I am, I tripped over a fallen branch and lost my footing. Falling back, the notebook flew from my grasp and landed a few feet away. As I quickly reached for it, the dragon pounced on it and growled at me which sent me cowering back. Its growl was so alien to me; it sounded like a brewing lightning or the sound you hear the moment before a thunder unleashes its wrath on earth.

I didn't know what happened next but luck must have been smiling upon me. As I stared at the dragon with wide fearful eyes, I thought of my lights. I figured they give me the strength and courage I need in times of chaos. My eyes reflected into his. Then I felt it. I felt a hundred emotions course through me. I felt lost but brave. My eyes never left his as he started to back away. The dragon sat back and watched me, its ears perked up, its head tilted to the side showing his curiosity.

"Toothless?" The Viking-uh-Hiccup stood there, incredulous of what just happened.

I ignored him and slowly stood up. Before even knowing it I stretched my arm towards the dragon who had the notebook secured in his mouth. I took a step forward. He leaned in and dropped the book onto my open palm.

"Toothless that's not part of the plan!" Hiccup exclaimed at his companion, now really annoyed since his plan didn't work.

"Huh" I huffed, feeling victorious. "Well, since I have your notebook yet again, it seems that you have no choice but to accept my offer."

It was satisfying to see his defeated look. I savored this moment but I also felt slightly anxious to be able to finally go to the village. After a few seconds of silence and contemplation, he released a frustrated sigh and crossed his arms. He frowned at Toothless.

"So, do you accept?" I asked.

"Yes."

My eyes widened with joy and for a second there I forgot myself. "Really?" My voiced came out an octave higher as I squealed in delight. I corrected myself, clearing my throat. "Uh, I mean, great. Great."

I stuck out my hand for him to shake. He hesitantly and grudgingly took it. We shook and our hands remained there still clasped for several moments. Realizing it, I timidly withdrew my arm, my fingers lingering for a split second on his palm.

"It's a deal then."

\* \* \*

><p>How was it? I'm pretty relieved I wrote it longer since the first chappy was so unsatisfying to me idk. so anyways, yeah.<br>Also, im

just gonna put this out there and say that I may or may not change bits and parts in Hiccup's backstory. I might not write Astrid in (since she never existed in the books anyways) so yeah pls dont burn me at the stake for that

Im writing all the chapters blindly since I dont know whats going to happen next. and since i dont have drafts im probably going to update every 3 days or so. hahahahahahaha ok bye cupcakes

### 3. Chapter 3-Dragon riding

**\*\*A.N. BEFORE YOU READ THE CHAPTER PLEASE READ THIS FIRST\*\*** \_(if you care about the story): Okay guys i've some good news and some bad news. Bad news is I have to put this story on hold maybe after like the 5th or 6th chapter because i have to watch httyd 2 first because most of the plot will focus on the movie so that means i will continue it around june-july. good news is that I WILL CONTINUE VIOLET HOUR (thanks to Jormungandr73 for constantly nagging me to continue it) and now i have an idea of the plot so expect an update on that around the first week of may.

okay this chapter is quite long now and right after i typed in the last sentence i immediately uploaded it so pls bear with the spelling and grammar.

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><p>He had two small braids behind his right ear.<p>

Gusts of wind tossed our hair around, sending them in different directions. I leaned into his back, my arms encircling his waist tightly, the blood barely rushing through its veins, numbing it. My heart was sent diving back into the deepest curves of my chest with each dive, my breath stuttered out into excited gasps which each sharp turn.

"\_Let's go princess." He annoyingly called out. Oh if only I could have chosen my own companion. My eyebrows furrowed as I tried to catch up on them. My hair trailed several feet behind me. My feet slapped against the dry ground, snapping twigs and crunching leaves along the way. He- my Viking \_friend\_ over there has been tormenting me with his snarky attitude ever since he happened to 'stumble' upon me sleeping. I swear if I didn't need him and his stupid dragon to go to the village we would have just happily parted ways.\_

\_I huffed angrily at him, my short legs finally catching up. "I thought we were going to \_fly\_ towards the villageâ€|why are we walking?"\_

\_He turned to me, a mischievous smile playing on his lips. Oh you are up to something. "I know. I just wanted to torment you with more walking." He laughed when I abruptly stopped. I waved his notebook at him, reminding him of the object which I am using against him. He rolled his eyes. \_

"\_Fine." He called out to Toothless who was all the while chasing a



poor rodent. The jet black dragon ran back to us, his tongue sticking out like a dog. Well, at least I have one charming companion. Hiccup then turned to fix an odd object strapped on the creature's back, near the base of his neck. "What's that?" I questioned. "It's a saddle; for safety." He curtly answered.\_

"\_So, aren't you going to ask me why I want to go to the village?" I wondered, circling him and toying with his notebook. I dare not open and see his reaction to it. He looked back at me but I couldn't quite comprehend his expression.\_

"\_Why do you need to go to the village?" He asked but I could tell there was a trace of sarcasm in his voice. I ignored it. "Well," I began. "I wanted to see the floating lights tomorrow night."\_

\_It must have piqued his curiosity since he stopped whatever he was doing and leaned against Toothless, staring back at me with a face of interest. I kept pacing around, clutching at a bunch of hair. When I caught his gaze, I rolled my eyes.\_

"\_It's just a silly childhood dream." I waved off the subject, decided that this was not the right time to talk about the lights.\_

\_Hiccup shook his head with a bemused expression. "Way to build up someone's interest, princess."\_

Toothless dived down, spinning as he went. My head was reeling as the air enveloped us, swallowing us and then it was gone. Toothless spread out its wings then leveled with the sea. I leaned down to look at my rapid-moving reflection at the water. It sparkled as the sunlight bounced on it. Then we disappeared into the clouds.

"\_Are you usually this annoying and sarcastic all the time?" I asked as he readied the straps on the leather saddle. His back was towards me so I couldn't see his reaction. Toothless merely disregarded our constant bickering. \_

"\_I'm only annoying and sarcastic to people who are annoying and sarcastic to me." He said. "Also on Wednesdays. And I have a feeling today is Wednesday." He looked up and scanned the surroundings. I uncrossed my arms frowning at his words. "Today isn't Wednesday."\_

\_He smiled at me, mounting the dragon. "Then it's just you." I shook off the possible insult, gathered what I could of my hair and tucked my frying pan and the object of blackmail safely on my lap as I sat behind him. Toothless made another alien sound as we readied to take off. Hiccup scanned the forest once more, careful not to be seen by village people. Then he took his spiked iron mask and put it over his head. \_

"\_Put your hands around me." He said his words slightly incomprehensible. I hesitated for several moments. He prodded. "Come on princess; don't want you falling off in midflight. I stuck my tongue at him feeling slightly childish but I did as asked. My arms found its way around his waist, and I slightly blushed at the action. Thank goodness he wasn't looking. I felt his thick leather armor beneath my skin. I suddenly realized how intimate our distance was which made me blush even more. \_

\_This is it. I thought. \_

\_My mind was stripped of any coherent thoughts and the oxygen was sucked out of my lungs as Toothless spread its wings and took off. My vision blurred and as I took one last glance at the ground I found it dropping away from us very quickly.\_

I found myself reaching for the sky as we rose higher and higher. The tips of my fingers brushed the sun-kissed clouds. They passed by us like feathers mapping the sky, as if a painter had the sky as his canvas and gracefully stroked each cloud onto his painting. The sudden cold pressed onto us like a soaked blanket, sending shivers down my back. Toothless dived down again and what we saw simply ripped my lungs out and stopped my heart from functioning properly.

\_We rose up and I held on tighter. My fingers shook as Toothless sped up. Its leather-like wings flapped faster and faster, causing leaves to dance and trees to sway, my heart paced in unison with it. A few feet of my hair flew free from my grasp and swept across the tips of the trees. I held on tightly, fearing one slip might cause me to fall several feet from the ground. Toothless sped up and I felt as if my insides were churning, diving and doing somersaults as we went.

—

"\_I thought-"I screamed at Hiccup. "I thought we were going to the-where are you taking me?" Panic rose in my chest as we passed by the village, its people oblivious to us. \_

\_Even though I couldn't see his face, I knew he was smirking right now. Oh how I wanted to claw that mask off his face. "Consider this a very special tour of the kingdom." He screamed back. As he leaned forward, his dragon zipped through the air, slicing it with its wings. I held on for dear life and screamed.\_

And there stood the kingdom of Corona. The sun dance on the water surrounding the village. It danced on rooftops, and through the hundreds of trees guarding it. The sea glowed like sapphires and seemed to stretch endlessly out into the ocean. It was calm except for a few small waves rocking large ships back and forth, their sails waving on the hoisted masts. The small village houses looked like giant steps leading up to the castle which rested on top of a mountain. This is Corona. This is my home; the home that was always kept hidden from me and me from it.

I wanted to take all of this in, fearing I might never get to see it again. I wanted to remember how the castle towers reached up towards the clouds. I wanted to remember how the waves tossed and how they crashed on the coast. I wanted to imprint in my mind how I felt when I saw it, when I was here flying. I wanted to remember how I felt happiness for the first time before it vanished entirely.

Toothless banked to its right, slowly circling the island. I hugged Hiccup tighter, hoping that this would never end. But of course it had to.

The sun had almost rested upon the horizon when the dragon finally dived down near the edge of the forest, nearing the village. He stealthily swooped in between branches, landing softly on all fours.

He folded his wings to his side and crouched low to let us down. Hiccup slid down first, taking off his mask. Annoyingly his hair was perfectly intact while I had to deal with my 70 feet of tangled mess. Luckily I managed to hold on to the notebook and my frying pan.

My legs were numb and when I tried to move them it sent a tingling sensation down to my feet. Hiccup stretch his arm towards me. I sent him a confused look. "Now you're being a gentleman?" I joked, but took his hand nonetheless. I carefully slid down Toothless' hard scaly back.

"Nah, I just want my notebook back." His grip was tight. But the numbness in my legs still hasn't disappeared. When I planted my right foot on the ground it sent an overwhelming feeling. My knees buckled and sent me falling towards Hiccup. Then before I knew it his steady arms were wound around me, preventing me from falling further. I had pressed my hands on his hard armor. I slowly looked up and stared at his face, frozen. He stared back at me, his green eyes barely illuminated by the sinking sun. It shone a gradient of emeralds which mesmerized me. His eyebrows were slightly furrowed. My eyes trailed to his cheeks which had a trace of faint freckles scattered around his nose. We stayed like that, neither one of us registering what happened but when I did; I immediately reeled back, ignoring my legs' protests.

He broke the silence first. "Soâ€¦I guess you just \_fell\_ for me, eh?" He joked, but avoided any eye contact. He laughed nervously and held the back of his head. I on the other hand was one shade away from turning into a human tomato. My face burned with embarrassment as I bent down to retrieve my belongings.

We walked in silence from there, Toothless wandering off in search for a meal. I was getting really hungry now. I opened my mouth several times in attempt to start a conversation but though better and just drifted into a contemplating silence. The forest was really quite save for a few small animals scurrying around, probably looking for shelter. Which reminds meâ€¦

"So," I finally said. "Where are we going to stay for the night?" Hiccup was distracted and had a far-off look. When he realized that I said something he whipped his head back to look at me, a big question mark on his face. I rolled my eyes. "I said, where are we going to sleep?"

He scratched his head, not quite sure how to answer. "Here, I guess."

My eyes widened at his answer. "Here, like \_in the woods?\_ With a bunch of rabid animals and poisonous plants and-and" I said, panicking. The idea of spending the night in the middle of a forest with a bunch of creatures lurking in every corner watching you like some midnight snack sent shivers down my spine. We are not staying here.

"Can't we just go to the village and find an inn?" I asked, hopefully. I kicked at random stones and twigs in my way. The sun was almost gone and light was fading fast. We have to look for a place to stay.

"Sure maybe we could find an inn, with warm beds, cozy fireplaces,

pleasant folks drinking singing and going on their merry lives." Hiccup said. "That's nice you know, and we could, maybe, trade your ridiculously long hair for a room."

"Yes!-wait \_what?" \_I turned to him, unconsciously gripping a lock of hair. He turned to me with a serious face and then after a moment he burst out laughing. I frowned at him and angrily hit him on his arm. "It's not funny!" I shouted above his fits of laughter. Apparently he found my reaction funnier since he laughed so hard tears were starting to form in his eyes. We walked like that, me constantly hitting him.

Finally after seeing the trees thin out he turned to me. "So why the hair anyway?" He asked, putting his hands in his pockets as he walked. I bit my lip and hesitated on whether I should tell him about my hair. He looked at me expectantly and I hoped that he would just drop the subject. When I opened my mouth to answer, we heard twigs snapping and the sound of footsteps echoed throughout. We both froze, and waited for the footsteps to recede but just our luck, it seemed to be approaching us. I looked at Hiccup with horror when I realized it might be a townsfolk or even worse- a palace guard. He returned my stare and we prayed the person would leave.

Dread filled me when I realized again what this person's reaction would be when he sees Hiccup- a Viking an unwelcome stranger to Corona. I can feel my muscles tensing as we stood there. I can hear the sound of the blood rushing in my ears and I feared my heart beat echoed out. Finally the person seemed to walk away. I let out a breath loudly. Hiccup immediately covered my mouth as he scanned the trees.

Then a split second later his eyes widened but he didn't move. Still cupping my mouth with his hand, he whispered to me. "Rapunzelâ€¦|. \_run\_"

\* \* \*

><p>The guard chased us deep into the forest. I heaved and sucked air in and out of my lungs, struggling to push my legs faster. Hiccup was several feet in front of me and Toothless was nowhere to be seen. Thank goodness the guard wasn't riding a horse else we'd have been captured by now. The sun had now set, illuminating a deep purple glow on the trees. I couldn't see where I was going but I just ran.<p>

"Hurry!" I heard Hiccup shout to me. I sneered at him, grabbing a handful of my skirt. "That's easy for you to say." I was wheezing now. "You're not the one wearing a corset."

We kept hearing him shout for us to stop. Our footsteps echoed. Our unsteady gasps for air shortened.

"Hiccup!" I managed to shout before I tripped over a fallen branch. He turned around and slid my arm over his shoulder to help me get up but we were too late. The guard was already there, hand on the hilt of his sword, circling us. My foot throbbed as I shakily got up, reaching for my frying pan. He eyed us both, despise in his eyes when it landed on Hiccup, all six feet of Viking armor.

Suddenly he charged at us, raising his sword. Hiccup acted fast and

reached for the branch. I stood there in horror as they clashed weapons; wood against metal. The guard swung the blade sideways causing Hiccup to jump back, nearly missing a fatal blow. They charged at each other, circling and clashing again. Finally the guard caught the Viking in mid roll kicked his vulnerable limb. Hiccup howled in pain as he reached for his only weapon but the guard pushed it aside.

Stepping on his outstretched hand, the guard was ready to plunge the blade into Hiccup. I stood there unable to watch as the metal glistened as it rose-before it got knocked over. A bellowing howl was heard as Toothless dived in; wings stretch out and pounced on the guard, pinning him down. He growled and snapped each time the guard tried to free himself. Hiccup recovered from the blow and limped towards his dragon. But as soon as Toothless loosened his grip on the guard he rolled over and took his sword.

The blade glinted once more, as if smiling upon its next victim. I stifled a scream as it came down upon Toothless. The dragon bellowed, thunders erupting and echoing. Thankfully it only wounded his lower back. Hiccup reached for the branch again but the guard kept lashing out at him, making him back against the tree. \_I can't watch this\_.

I glanced at Toothless then back at Hiccup. \_No. Not today.\_

Moments before the sword met flesh, I raised my arm, and struck the pan at the guard's head. The iron rung and shook in my grasp. My eyes were open wide and I still struggled to breathe. I glanced down at the unconscious guard and let out a sigh of relief. Hiccup was stared at me a mix of emotions on his face.

"You okay, \_princess?\_" I asked.

\* \* \*

><p>The fire cracked and hissed at us. Its flaming tongues cutting through the air and created shadows on our bodies. I sat by Toothless, carefully covering his wound with my hair. I can feel Hiccup's stare bore into my back, burning the back of my head. <em>I have to tell him. This is it.<em>

"So it's not weird at all that you're wrapping your hair around my dragon." He said as he sat in front of me. I huffed and pushed a strand of hair away from my face. My hands slowly finished covering the wound, making sure not to hurt the dragon any further.

I sighed. "I'll tell you everything after this ok?" I looked at him. "Just promise me you won't freak out." Hiccup raised an eyebrow at me but said nothing.

\_Here goes nothing\_. I patter Toothless' neck once more. I closed my eyes and pictured the lights. My hands stayed on the hair-covered wound. The fire spat out glowing embers. Its sound rang out through the darkness, enveloping us in its light. I breathed in slowly and sang.

\_Flower gleam and glow. Let your power shine. \_My voice rang out. \_Make the clock reverse; bring back what once was mine\_. I can feel it. The warmth of the lights seeped through and burned the tips of my

fingers. \_Heal what has been hurt. Change the fate's design.  
\_Toothless shifted under my touch but didn't move away. \_Save what  
has been lost. Bring back what once was mine.\_

I open my eyes and found myself staring at two confused green eyes.  
\_What once was mine\_. I avoided his gaze and slowly removed my hair  
from Toothless' back to reveal an unmarked and unharmed patch of  
black scales. Hiccup gasped and I knew he was about to  
scream.

"\_Don't freak out\_" I interrupted. He looked at me wide-eyed and  
struggling to form his thoughts.

"\_I'm not freaking why would you think I'd freak out I-I just-I'm  
just fascinated by your hair when did you acquire this glowing  
healing thing anyways?" \_He gestured nervously, leaning onto a  
log.

I looked up, staring at the trees barely giving me a decent view of  
the night sky. "I was born with it." I looked down and found two  
pairs of eyes staring at me in interest. Except the other one was  
still quite recovering from the situation. Well, if I'm going to be  
stuck with them for one more day I might as well tell them my  
story.

"Mother said I was born with long glowing hair, and growing up,  
people tried to cut it to use it for their selfish reasons." I  
started, fumbling with my hands. "But once it's cut, it turns brown  
and loses its power." I swept a bunch of my hair to one side and held  
out a strand of short brown hair. I looked down at my hands which  
were still shaking from everything that happened today. Who knew the  
outside world was this exciting? "That's why mother-uh-that's why she  
kept me protected in a tower, hidden from those who wanted to seize  
power of my hair."

When I finished, Hiccup's expression turned somewhat into pity. It  
was almost as if he didn't want to interrupt the silence we fell  
into. Even Toothless sat there watching me as if he understood every  
word I uttered out. It was a pain to have been hidden from life. It  
was a pain to do the same thing every day and wonder when life would  
begin for me.

"So when I met you todayâ€¦you escaped from your \_tower?"\_ Hiccup  
asked. I nodded and smiled at Toothless who was having a hard time  
looking over his shoulder to where his wound would have been. He  
rolled around, sticking out his tongue like a dog.

"And uh" He continued. "What's with the floating lights?" \_Oh  
that\_.

"The lights, well, ever since I was little I would sneak out on the  
night of my birthday. I'd open my window and then I'd see these  
floating lights just fill up the night sky." "I pictured them,  
floating around and dancing amongst the stars. Each one was different  
from the other, each one emitting a different glow. "They were the  
most beautiful things I have ever seen. I wanted to see them in  
person many times but each time I ask mother always disapproves of  
the idea of me in the village in fear of me getting into harm's way."  
Who knew I'd actually come across a dragon's way.

Hiccup smiled at me and I don't know if it was just the fire's glow but his smile just looked so warm. I had to look away.

"You're quite the rebel aren't you?" He joked.

I returned his smile and looked down. I sighed and shook my head, my magical hair swaying along. "Enough about me. I'm interested in your story, Hiccup Haddock." His expression turned sour and I immediately regretted ever mentioning it. He stretches his back and leaned against Toothless who was now asleep.

"It's quite a long story." He tried changing the subject but I wouldn't back down that easily. "You're basically stuck with me until tomorrow so I think you've got a lot of time." I crossed my arms suddenly feeling defiant.

He sighed. "It's a story for another time. But I will tell you the depressing story of an anti-social and depressed bag of fish bones called Hiccup the Horrendous Haddock III" I stifled a laugh at the mention of his full name but immediately stopped when he sent me a look. I motioned for him to go on.

He told me the story of life in his home-Berk. Apparently it's very depressing there and just one day there will prove it. The Vikings grew up and were taught with teachings of how to kill dragons. They were trained to kill these creatures on sight. But not Hiccup. He couldn't and wouldn't kill a dragon even though it pains him to see everyone's disappointment-especially his father's who was the chief of their tribe. And then he met a night fury called Toothless. The boy released the dragon from one of his own traps and from there a forbidden friendship blossomed.

"For most of my life I've been convinced that I was just a waste of space." He whispered softly, tracing lines on the dirt. I shot him a look of pity and understanding.

"I don't think you're a waste of space." I said.

And there's that smile again. It burrowed deep into my mind; the way one side lifts up first before the other, the way it seemed hesitant but genuine. I want to know who you are Hiccup. Who are you?

\* \* \*

><p>The fire died down into burning embers when sleep had overcome our bodies. We slept next to each other, Toothless curled at our feet like a cat. But I forced my eyes to stay open and stare up at the roof of leaves sheltering us. I slowly reached up at the sky. <em>I'm almost there<em>. It was silent but I can hear the stars whispering to each other; telling stories. I closed my eyes and listened. Sometimes at night I would just open the window and gaze up at the stars. I would often wonder how it felt to be out there, to touch the sky and to dance across seas. I would let my heart wander, knowing that it would always be like this; me looking out the window and wonder. But now I'm here. Now I'm here lying on the ground feeling the bed of leaves under my skin. This is life.

I turned to face my sleeping companion. I could only see his silhouette in the dark. If not for you I wouldn't be here right now. I stared at the curves of his face; the hollows and bends. I studied

how his hair covered his closed eyes. I longed to reach out and brush it off. \_If not for you I would not have seen the things I've seen today.\_ His breathing was steady and calm. I studied the rise and fall of his chest. \_If not for you I would not have lived\_.

My hand reached out and lay on his arm. I finally gave in and drifted off into a dreamless sleep, two green eyes burning into the insides of my lids.

\_Thank you.\_

\* \* \*

><p><em>insert gross laughing here/ \_im so excited for the next chapter eheeuheuehuheuehueehheeuheeehehehuehue. im sorry for making hiccup slightly ooc :(( also i hate writing fight scenes so sorry if that scene didnt really work out well

peace out lovelies

#### 4. Chapter 4-Lantern Festival

omg hi guys sorry i uploaded late. i was just caught up in a few er stuff. so anyways here it is. ALSO two more chapters and im going to put this baby on hold. \*\*alavyu guys hehe\*\*

>i realized (after 4 chapters) that i forgot to write pascal in. oops haha. nvm he wasn't going to be overly relevantimportant in the story anyways so ye.

>another thing is, i've read like a couple of times all over the internet that Hiccup is 20 years old in the second movie. okay i might have been shocked at that but i will accept it (no matter how much it hurts me) and so in this story Hiccup will also be 20 :))<p>

\*\*\_Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon nor Tangled. The characters in this story belong to Dreamworks and Disney\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Footsteps woke me. A beam of sunlight landed on my face as I turned to lie on my back. I slowly opened my eyes to greet morning. If I were still in my bedroom I'd have tugged at the sheets and pull them over my head. But when I tried to move, I realized that I was lying on a bed of leaves and dirt. A sigh escaped my lips. I looked around, my vision finally adjusting. The trees were as silent and still as the day before. A few birds flitted here and there; resting on branches fleetingly then flew off towards the sky again.<p>

I sat up, stretching my aching body, tired from all the walking yesterday. But before I even sat straight, I was pinned back down by a great force. In this case, a great force with wings and a tail. I squinted in the sunlight and found myself face to face with an adorable dragon, its tongue sticking out, smiling down at me.

I mimicked his smile. "Morning Toothless." The dragon bounced up and down, landing on branches, its tail swinging sideways.

Hiccup wasn't far behind. He walked smugly, even with his prosthetic. I have to ask him about that sometime. A woven basket was slung over



his shoulders. As he reached us, he set it down.

"Where've you been?" I asked as I sat up straight, with a slight ache in my back.

"Around." He answered.

Of course. I thought. I glanced down at the basket. "What's in there?" He threw open the lid and tipped it forward a bit so I could see what's inside. The smell reached me even before I saw it. Fish. And a bunch of them too. They were stacked on top of each other. I wrinkled my nose at the stench.

"Breakfast."

\* \* \*

><p>He wasn't wearing his armor. I just noticed after we set off towards the village. He walked in front of me, leading the way. He kept the iron platings and arm brackets in the basket which slung over Toothless' back. Stripped of those, he wore a green tunic, half tucked into his pants, and its sleeves almost reaching his wrists. Donning a leather vest he almost looked normal now. Though even though he looked less of a stranger, I fear we might still draw attention from people. Before we reached the long stone bridge connecting the forest to the village, Toothless had to remain behind lest people catch sight of him.<p>

The sun burned out backs and the stones felt alien beneath my feet. The waves seem to glisten more in bright daylight and the bridge seemed to glow white. It was a long walk but I felt anxious and scared all of a sudden. Would we meet thieves? Thugs? What if it wouldn't be everything that I dreamed of? I looked down at the moving ground hoping Hiccup wouldn't see my tense face. We walked in companionable silence.

In the distance I can hear it; village noise. I pictured townsfolk strolling around, walking between shops and stalls, greeting each other with pleasantries, vendors selling bread and fruits in the corner, its aroma filling the atmosphere. I pictured small children laughing along, running up and down the roads. This is what I've been waiting for my whole life. Human noise. Just the sound of voices excites me. I am actually here. This is actually happening.

My pacing hastened and I unconsciously gripped my hair- a habit I've been doing for the past few hours.

"Slow down will you?" Hiccup huffed, grabbing my elbow and slowing me down. "We've plenty of time." I shot him an apologetic smile. From there we fell into a leisure walk, our footsteps echoing each other's.

"Soâ€|why the leg?" I ventured, quietly asking him about his mechanical leg. I hesitantly glanced at him, afraid he might shy away from the topic. But he didn't seem to be bothered by it. Or at least his face didn't show that he was.

The boy shrugged. "I was born with it." He shot me a wide smile, flashing his teeth and a twinkle in his eyes.

I rolled my eyes at him. His sarcasm seemed to never run dry but at this point I was beginning to grow fond of him-err-it. I playfully nudged him with my shoulder, sending him stumbling a few steps to the side. "Not that leg, the \_other leg.\_"

Glancing at the prosthetic, his face fell for a split second that I almost didn't see it. I immediately regretted asking him about it. Of course it would be a sensitive topic. The atmosphere suddenly changed uncomfortably. \_You don't have to if you don't want to.\_ I longed to tell him. Hiccup dug his hands into his pockets and sighed.

"You know in Berk-before all of this dragon-viking peace treaty thing ever happened, vikings had a pretty bad instict to just..\_kill\_ dragons. For generations my people searched for the dragons' nest so that the constant raids would finally end." He started, looking far out into the distance, his mind wandering off into the past. "And one day, they finally did it. My dad finally found the nest, no thanks to me. It was pretty bad; the war. They underestimated the enemy. It was a huge beast. Red Death they called it. That day we lost so many men that I didn't think we'd be able to recover from it."

Hiccup paused. His eyes were downcast and had a look of sorrow and maybe even regret. I had half a mind to reach out and hold him; just to let him know I care.

"In the end we finally killed him. The beast fell. But there was a massive fire and we almost made it out. But I fell off Toothless. Fire just started to cover me. It happened so fast." His eyes flickered, grief swimming in an endless pace in those forlorn emerald pools. "I didn't remember anything but when I woke up I just felt that something wasn'tâ€|right. Thenâ€|.this" He gestured to the prosthetic.

I bit my lip at his story. I can tell that it still pained him to suffer a great loss; not just for himself but for his tribe as well. I don't really understand how we felt right now but my heart went out to him; to the boy whom I met for a day. To the boy who trusted me enough to tell me this. My hand reached out and lightly brushed his arm, not wanting to be too intimate but also wanting to show him that I'm here. He smiled at the gesture, saying no more for the rest of our walk.

We were nearing the village when he asked. "So, 18 years of confinement and you finally get to socialize with people. Must be nerve-wracking huh?"

"Surprisingly no. I'm excited actually." It was true. I no longer felt anxious about this trip. The idea of finally be embraced in human contact sent an overwhelmingly feeling of happiness down to the pit of my stomach. Just seeing masses of people converging in the distance made me feel complete. But most importantly I had Hiccup. With him I felt strangely safe.

The streets were decorated with purple flaglets decked with a golden sun in the middle. And more of them hovered above us while we walked down the main market. Boxes of fruits and crates of spices crowded the streets, clay pots and jars scattered about. Seasonal flowers of every color were arranged beautifully in front of shops. The scent of it all wafted through the air, setting a warm and inviting atmosphere. Stalls opened to welcome customers, vendors selling

trinkets to passersby. In one shop a young lady was trying on a new pair of shoes. I looked down at my bare feet and sighed.

Hiccup called me over. Apparently he wandered off down the street to where there were more people. Several children ran past me, their laughs ringing in my ears. I walked over to him but since there so many people, they accidentally tripped over my freakishly long hair, snaking around their legs. It got pulled and stopped on. A carriage almost ran over me as I stumbled over a few pots. I tried to bunch up as much as I could but people kept bumping and pushing me over. Hiccup came over to help and seeing my dilemma, he scanned the surroundings. His face lit up with an idea and tilted his head towards four small girls who were braiding each other's hair by the fountain. I beamed up at him.

Their clever little fingers twisted and ran through my hair, plaiting it thickly with several small braids snaking through bigger ones. With a final touch, the girls gathered several brightly colored flowers and pinned those onto the braid. I stood up, and the braid barely reached the ground, its tips brushing my ankles as I twirled around to admire it. I thanked the girls who obviously looked satisfied with their work, and walked over to Hiccup, a look of approval on his face.

"How do I look?" I asked him, twirling in front of him again, showing off the flower adorned plait.

"Eh, it looks alright." He shrugged, but had a teasing expression. I rolled my eyes and hit him playfully on the shoulder.

The midday sun perched on its place in the sky when we were passing by the many shops lined up the street. There was even one that sold weaponry which obviously piqued my companion's interest. He spent quite an amount of time looking at the weapons arranged on shelves. I on the other hand just smiled at him while he studied an odd contraption in his hands. It was both amusing and exhausting to finally haul him out of the shop to roam around the town some more.

We walked until we stumbled upon a group of children painting on the cobblestones with colored chalk. I came closer to admire their works. The chalk dust fogged around them a rainbow of colors. I was so immersed in the art that in the end I found myself joining in. I took a piece of chalked dyed yellow and started tracing patterns onto the ground. I imagined myself being back in the tower, surrounded by my paintings I worked on throughout the years. I pictured myself brushing the paintbrush across the stone walls, creating my own world. The chalk slid roughly across the stones and broke several times but I didn't mind because I was so lost in the artwork. By the time I finally stepped back, hands and face streaked purple and yellow, a small group of people have gathered around.

And then there lay the sun. It rested on a blanket of purple, its curled rays stretching out towards the crowd encircling it.

"I didn't know you were quite the artist." A voice remarked behind me. I turned around to see Hiccup eyeing the painting. He held out a piece of cake. I wiped my stained hands clean and smirked up at him, feeling a bit smug all of a sudden.

"I've had years of practice."

Eating out cake we left the crowd behind and took off towards a lonelier street. There was really nothing much there but when we turned around a corner a lonely building caught my eye. I grabbed hold of Hiccup's arm despite his protests and led him-rather forcefully, towards the building. Its stone walls were discolored due to age but it looked decent. I slowly pushed the door and winced when it creaked loudly.

It was a library. The walls were lined with books arranged on shelves. The small windows were built so high up that it gave little light, only enough for someone to read. Hiccup as it seems was a reader too since he disappeared between the shelves, dragging his fingers across the worn spines.

I picked up a small children's book. On the cover and in big fine letters read "The Little Mermaid" and inscribed beneath it was the author's name. Several pages later I was engrossed in the tale of a mermaid falling in love with a human prince. But as the tale ended I barely stifled a sob for the little mermaid had to give up her life seeing that he beloved in content with another.

Hesitantly closing the book I went off to look for Hiccup. I found him sitting in the far side of the room amongst a sea of maps. He seemed busy studying a large map of Europe, pointing to a few places here and there, mentally taking notes.

I sat in front of him, clearing a few pieces of paper out of the way which caused him to look up. I smiled at him then looked at the map which lay between us. Studying it upside down I pointed to a small spot on the paper.

"Look, it's Corona." He looked down and to my surprise he held my hand, guiding it across Europe, stopping on an equally small island.

"And there's Berk."

His hand rested on mine. It felt so strange. This was strange. But I didn't want to withdraw my arm. He did, though.

"So, uh" Hiccup stuttered out, removing his hand and running it through his already messy hair. He continued to ramble on about a few incomprehensible words, a blush faintly spreading across his face.

Smiling at his failing attempt at conversation I studied the other maps. It was then when I realized that there's so much of the world I have to discover. All this time I've been trapped in a small island barely even visible on a map. But then so was Berk, recalling to where it was located, it was also a really small island.

"I've always wondered how it felt to run away." I said, stopping the train of words Hiccup was mumbling on about. "Of how it felt to travel across oceans and run through deserts. Of how it felt to be free." The boy had a look of pity on his face.

"You can, though." He whispered. "You can always run away."

It was in that moment, when I looked at him, that I saw who I've always wanted to be; someone who can always go wherever he wanted. Someone who had stories to tell and someone who looked forward to discovering more stories. I on the other hand was stuck in just reading other people's stories.

The sun was almost near setting when we went out. People were still bustling. We went back to the town square. Looking around, I noticed something that I overlooked earlier. It was a large mural of the royal family. I came closer and studied the painting. There were several small jars of flowers under it, probably a tribute to the family.

"It's for the lost princess." A little explains to her sister as she placed a small flower amongst the others.

\_Lost princess.\_ I glanced back at the painting. The baby cradled in the queen's arms stared back at me with still eyes. It had uncommonly long hair for a babe. \_Where are you now?\_

I turned back towards Hiccup. "Who-" I started but never got to finish when a trio of musicians caught my eye. They walked around the square, starting a lively melody. The song rang out and I felt my feet walk towards them. Each note placed a jump of excitement in my heart, the strumming of the lute pulsate through my body, the softness of the violin making my hips sway on their own.

Then I danced. I moved when the music played. I spun around when it told me to. I raised my arms in hopes to catch the melody drifting around. People were starting to gather around. I realized that no song has to be danced alone, especially a lively one such as this. I ran over to a small boy, grabbing hold of his hands and spinning him around, getting caught up in the tune. Then I took hold of another man, who invited the others to join in. So there we were, spinning around, letting our feet take us.

The crowd grew, some joining, some clapping and encouraging us to dance on. I looked at Hiccup who seemed quite amused at us and waved him over but he shook his head.

We jumped and spun. We locked arms in pairs not caring about the steps nor the coordination. What mattered was the music. It played on and on, the notes riding off into the setting sun. In the mass of people, I caught a glimpse of tousled brown hair being tossed around. I assumed it was Hiccup who unfortunately was dragged into the dance.

The song neared its climax and I vanished into the moving limbs, the warm glow of the sky. I spun for the last time in the middle, crashing onto the fast-pacing notes, my tired body almost giving in. And when that last note echoed, I found myself held by the boy with the messy hair. Our faces were flushed, our breaths unsteady.

I looked at him, breathless. The sun was halfway beneath the horizon now and it cast a saturated glow on us. This up close I can almost see myself in his eyes, with golden freckles swimming in them. My chest breathed heavily against his and I realized how close we were. But I didn't want to move. The fragility of this moment scared me and I didn't want to ruin it. So I basked in our warmth, our closeness.

He held my hand as the sun set. I pressed my hand onto his chest as the shadows on his face darkened. We stayed for what seemed an eternity. I didn't care. This felt strange. But with him, with Hiccup, I felt safe.

\* \* \*

><p>idk this seemed a bit short. :( not much sarcasm in this chapter which is kind of a bummer cuz i love sassy hiccup<br>tbh i didnt really know how to end this so that sucked cuz the last paragraph felt out of place in the chapter. anyways hope you liked it and dont forget to review :)))<br>>(no they didnt kiss ok)<br>OH OH I ALMOST FORGOT I DREW A FAN ART FOR THIS CHAPTER (which i am coloring now) YOU CAN CHECK IT OUT ON MY DEVIANTART ACC (link on my profile)

luv ya cupcakes

## 5. Chapter 5-Boat Ride

Family reunions suck :(

\*\*\_Disclaimer: I do not own How To train Your Dragon nor Tangled. The characters used in this story belong to Dreamworks and Disney\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"To the boats!" Someone declares and with that the crowd dissipates to ready themselves for the lighting ceremony.<p>

I let go of Hiccup's hand and stepped back. Looking up at the sky, several stars have already dotted it. It was sundown now and almost everyone was either crowded near the castle, perched atop buildings or on boats riding out into the open sea. The square was empty save for us. Footsteps echoed after the people left; even the animals-cats and dogs, went along with their masters.

"We should probably go." Hiccup suggested. We walked past the fountain, the abandoned stalls and the lit streetlamps. He led me towards the dock where surprisingly awaits a long boat slowly being rocked by the water. He jumped in first as I waited at the edge. Taking his outstretch arm, I carefully stepped onto the boat. It rocked a bit and I struggled to keep balance.

He took the oar and paddled the boat far out into sea. "Where are we going?" I asked, looking around at the dark scenery. The water looked like a giant dark mirror, the castle's reflection floating on its surface.

"Consider this a first-class seat for the show." He replied. We stopped right on the spot where we were centered in front of the castle. Everything lay still for several fragile moments. I listened to the wind and felt it dance around us, slowly moving the boat in circles. The kingdom was dark save for the lit windows up the castle towers. The bigger ships patiently waited for the first light to float up the night sky. It was one of the moments when silence was the only thing that held everything together. It was the only thing that remained in the world for the briefest moments. It was like the

breath it breathed before it sang or the last sigh it sighed when it goes to sleep.

But then this feeling of anxiety buried itself deep inside me. I gripped the side of the boat and closed my eyes. \_This is it. This is you dream. Live it.\_ A million thoughts washed over me like waves of uncertainty. Eighteen years and finally I'm here. What if it's not everything I've ever wanted? What then? Do I just go back to the tower and watch the lights from the window for the rest of my life?

"Are you scared?" Hiccup asked, his voice breaking my train of thoughts. I looked down at our reflection in the water and grimaced at him.

"To death."

We listened to the night as the stars rested on the still waters of Corona. The boat creaked under our weight. I had to stop shifting around and stay still so I don't tip us over. The ocean winds blew warm breaths on our backs and it sent small waves to crash upon the beaches. Minutes passed and I was enveloped in a cloud of doubt. Hiccup sat opposite of me, dipping his fingers into the water, distorting his reflection.

"Hiccup" I whispered. His hand stilled and his reflection looked at me. "What if-what if it's not everything I dreamed it would be? What if it isn't the dream I've been watching from a window-watching it pass by?"

The currents occupied the silence between us.

"Hey, you spent eighteen years looking out a window. I doubt you will be disappointed."

Hiccup turned away from the water and faced me. The stars barely gave enough light to see but when I looked at him, I saw him clearly. His features were dark and sharp but I saw vulnerability in the way his hair sweeps across his forehead, barely touching his eyelashes. I saw how his cheekbones were slightly angular and his hardened jaw. I saw how his eyebrows furrowed slightly. He looked at me until he couldn't. A ghost of a blush coloured his cheeks and we both looked down.

My fingers brushed over the flowers pinned on my hair which sat on my lap. I picked up a small daisy and played with its white petals. "Ok so if it isâ€¦ then what? I feel like everything I've done led up to this. And I don't know what happens next. I don't want to feel lost again." I paused for a few seconds before dropping my voice to a low whisper. "\_I don't want to go back home.\_"

The flower fell from my hands and floated down. I plucked out another one.

"That tower isn't home, Rapunzel." Hiccup whispered back. \_But it's the only home I've ever known. \_I thought to myself. An image of mother crossed my mind. I scanned over her face-it felt so familiar. She was the only one I've ever known until yesterday. She was the one who nursed me ever since I was a baby. She took care of me. She was home.

A periwinkle crumpled inside my closed hands. "I'm terrified. Maybe I want to run away-"

"Then go. Just leave and don't look back." Hiccup interrupted. His eyebrows were now furrowed deeply and he looked older under the moonlight. \_You make it sound so easy. \_The thought of me travelling around the worlds was an image both exciting and horrifying. I wouldn't make it past pirates and thugs. I pictured myself on a ship going who knows where, with just the clothes on my back, a frying pan and 70 feet of hair. It made me shudder.

"I can't. Mother-"

He interjected again. "will understand. Rapunzel you spent years trapped in a tower deprived of human contact." He inched closer to me. "Are you willing to spend another 18 years regretting ever passing up a chance like this to give yourself up to that kind of life?"

His words hit me hard. A part of me knew he was right. I \_am \_old enough to be on my own but a part of me still held on to the threads of my old life. I still held on to Mother. All these years I was told that the world was not the place for a naïve girl. I was told that I wouldn't survive it. And that's what made me hold on tighter. I grew up inside walls which kept me from everything I wanted to be a part of. And now that I'm here, now that I finally stepped out of that tower, I felt freer. But does freedom mean drowning in anxiety? Dare I leave Mother behind?

I looked at Hiccup. I've only known him for a day but seeing him here in front of me, hearing his words sparked hope within me. Maybe I \_could \_run away. Maybe I could do it. I just needed someone to tell me, to reassure me that I can.

"But the world is so big. And Im just me. Im so small."

He took my hands, and looked up towards the sky. I looked up as well and saw a cape of stars embracing us whole. They were beautiful. This is beautiful.

"Well...so are they." He said

\* \* \*

><p>It started out a small glowing light. It floated up and traced a faint path in the sky. It emitted a glow that shone brighter than the speck of stars. Then the rest followed. They reached up towards the lone light which led them and they slowly filled the vast stretch of darkness, illuminating its folds. I watched as they slowly turned night into day. I stood there, leaning against the tip of the boat, gripping the wood. My knees trembled and my breath came out in unsteady gasps but my eyes never left. It was a sigh that I have never and probably will never see again.<p>

One by one each lantern glided across the air, barely touching the surface of the water. The black sea mirrored them, glowing with hues of pink and purple. Soon enough they surrounded the boat. I closed my eyes and basked in its warmth. This was my dream. I remember this, I remember feeling like this. \_Warmth, happiness, contentment. I can



feel it. \_I slowly opened my eyes afraid it was indeed just a dream. But they were still there, and they shone brighter than midday. They danced around us, spinning in circles and floating up again. They beckoned me to go with them and I reached out to a lantern floating in front of me and gave it a push upwards. It joined the others, forming a dome of light. It was the color of my hair when I sang.

I looked back at Hiccup who was also admiring the sight. He looked at me and smiled his lopsided smile. Grinning back I went back to sit in front of him.

"Thank you." I said. "For taking me here."

"Well you kind of did blackmail me into doing it." His smile grew wider and he held the back of his head, looking embarrassed.

I laughed as well, suddenly remembering his notebook. It was safely kept in my dress pocket the entire trip here. I reached into it and fished out a small leather-bound notebook. "Since you kept your side of the bargain, you can have this back." I handed it to him. Hiccup looked at it as if thinking about whether to take it or not. After a few moments he gingerly took it from my grasp and turned it over in his hands as if inspecting it.

He opened his mouth to say something but at the same time a lantern landed between us. I jumped a little but giggled as we both reached for it. We pushed it towards the sky and watched it disappear into the mass of lights. They were light one giant spotlight that shone so bright I can barely look at Hiccup without blotches of lights blinding me.

"So this is your dream." Hiccup said. I nodded, my head was in a daze as I struggled to keep my vision straight. "What happens next?"

I contemplated on his question. What \_am I going to do next? \_After him inspiring a bit of courage in me I felt even more confused with my choices. But I do know one thing now. "I guess this is the part where I get to find a new dream." Hiccup smiled at the answer. \_A new dream\_.

\* \* \*

><p>An hour wore on and the lanterns started to thin out, some flying off to another land, some being carried off by the wind until all that remained of them were spots of light that looked like stars. "Thank you, Hiccup." I whispered out to him.<p>

"You said that already." He smiled.

"I know and I meant it." I reached out and placed my hand on top of his. It felt warm and callous. He seemed surprised at the gesture but seemed to recover from it because he took my other hand and held it.

There are moments in life when you feel like you're floating in a dream. There are moments when you think about something too much that you end up not remembering how it happened. There are moments when you feel your body dissolving into nothing. When you feel as if your very existence has been obliterated and you float around being carried off by the wind. There are moments when you suddenly feel

numb but you are in a trance. There are moments when you notice everything, the littlest of details; the way his hair swept over his eyes, the way the lights imprinted glowing specks on your skin, the way his eyelashes flutter against yours and the way you share your warmth with him. There are moments when you do not realize you are doing something until it is over.

This was one of those moments.

I gently pressed my lips onto his and I felt his eyes slowly close at the contact. He held my hands and leaned in closer to deepen the kiss. I lost myself in him. But I soon realized what was happening and quickly withdrew, breathing hard.

"I-I'm sorry I shouldn't have done that." I stuttered out, my hand went up to cover my mouth. I felt my face flush with embarrassment.

"You're right." He breathed. I stopped stammering, the words faltering. Surprisingly I felt a small pang in my chest. I looked down, more embarrassed than ever. \_"I should have."\_

And he kissed me. As the waves crashed unto shore, as a star collapsed in the galaxy, he kissed me. As every piece of me crashed into him, he kissed me. As the earth crumbled to its destruction, we kissed. Because that was all that mattered right now; his lips on mine. His hand went up to cup my cheek and slowly traced the goose bumps on my neck. I leaned into him, my hands resting on his chest. I can hear my heart pounding against my chest, and I can feel my ribs closing in on my lungs.

I pulled away first but leaned my forehead against his and we breathed heavily, almost synchronized. I closed my eyes and breathed him in. He smelled like the ocean. But he also smelled like a forest. The scent overwhelmed me and sent me in a trance. I didn't want to move away from him. So we stayed there, for an eternity. We didn't have to speak. Our shaky breaths held us together.

\_A new dream.\_

\* \* \*

><p>It was past midnight when we finally stepped foot on land. Hiccup brought the boat to the edge of the forest and climbed out first. He held out his hand to me and I shakily got out, my feet touching the muddy ground. Apparently the water was really cold and when I was ankle deep in it my body shivered slightly. Hiccup dragged the boat farther away from the water.<p>

Just as we were about to set off to find Toothless we heard faint footsteps coming toward us. We both froze. I stared at Hiccup, panic filling my chest. To my horror he began moving towards the trees.

"Where are you going?" I whispered, grabbing his sleeve and pulled him back. "What if it's the guard?"

He shrugged me off. "Just stay here. I'll be right back." And with that he silently disappeared into the forest until I could barely hear his footsteps.

I stood there shaken and worried. The only sounds that I heard were crickets chorusing to a song in the dark. I shivered again, partly from cold. When what felt like minutes passed, I called out to Hiccup. Nothing. Just the sound of the night. I focused on my breathing and tried to calm myself. \_He'll be back.\_ I called out again, this time louder. After several desperate cries for him I grabbed a fistful of my skirt, lifted it from the mud and walked into the woods.

It was considerably darker here. The tall trees loomed over me as if waiting to pounce. I could barely see a patch of the sky from between the leaves. Walking around here at midnight was like being blind for the first time and you just had to depend on the trees for some sense of direction. An owl hooted here and a bird flapped its wings there. The littlest of noises made me jump in panic. Then I heard twigs cracking behind me. I hastily turned around.

"Hiccup please tell me it's you." I whispered, gripping the tree in fear.

Suddenly out of nowhere someone grabbed my hair and pulled me back. I let out a surprised shriek but was quickly silenced by a piece of cloth on my mouth. I kicked and squirmed. I tried shouting but it came out in muffled gasps. I felt my body give in as I struggled to breathe. My knees trembled and I felt my eyes close as the shadows of the forest turned into pure darkness.

\* \* \*

><p>IT'S SO SHORT. but i had to post something so i hope this was worth the wait :)<p>

anyways im halfway through the next chapter of violet hour so if i dont update by sunday feel free to track me down and threaten me at gunpoint (kidding)

reviews are like oxygen :DD

## 6. Chapter 6-Flight

HI GUYS I HAVE BEEN RESURRECTEDghfghdhrfeqorfijaksf

I felt bad for not being able to update for weeks. i've just been so busy since it's almost the opening of classes (i live in the philippines) and we were assigned this really long homework in physics (i know ugh). also i was in a motorcycle accident a few days ago (a few wounds here and there) and i lost the will to get out of bed for 2 days. but here's chapter 6 yaaay and also the last chapter before i put this story on hold (im imagining a lot of you plotting my death in your minds)

Rated T for some violence i guess (you know, just in case)

\*\*\_Disclaimer: I do not own How To Train Your Dragon nor Tangled. The characters used in this story belong to Dreamworks and Disney.\_\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Mother unpinned the flower from my hair and it fell onto my hand limp and lifeless. I woke up this morning to find myself lying on my bed, the soft sheets familiar to the touch. The first thing that entered my mind was Hiccup. I immediately opened my eyes and squinted at the sunlight that streaked across my room. My body pushed itself up and my chest filled with panic when I realized Hiccup was probably still in the woods. I scrambled off the bed and paced the room, the frayed ends of my dress caked with mud and dirt. A train of incoherent thoughts rushed through me and I struggled to stay still. <em>Is he okay? Has he been captured? Will I ever see him again?</em> When mother came in I jumped so far back my back hit the edge of the vanity and sent flashes of pain down my back.

"Rapunzel oh I was so worried about you." She rushed to me and held me in her arms. Tears streaked my face and I buried my head between her shoulder and neck. She smelled so familiar. She smelled like home. Her hand came up to stroke my hair like she always did ever since I was little.

I pulled back. "Mother, wh-what happened last night?"

And so mother sat me down on the bed, carefully laid my braided hair on her lap and started untangling the flowers from my hair, as she recounted the events of last night. I listened to her soothing melodic voice as she explained everything from the moment she left the tower.

"On my way to the village I saw a palace horse without a rider. Now that was a very unusual sight since guard horses never leave the village alone. So I immediately thought of you dear." She unpinned a periwinkle and threw it into a basket beside her. Her fingers weaved through the plaits like what the little girls did but this time she was unweaving the braid. "When I called out for you and received no answer, why, of course I was petrified, afraid you have been captured. So I searched the forest, the village, everywhere. It was at nightfall when I went back into the woods when I heard a frightening sound. It was unlike anything I ever heard. I assumed it was some rabid beast on the loose. I knew I had to find you." \_Toothless. Was he looking for us then?\_ "I knew in my heart you were near, Rapunzel. I knew you were in danger. And when I was so close to giving up I heard you scream. So I ran with dread in my chest. I found you unconscious on the ground with your captor standing beside you. He was a stranger; unwelcome to our kingdom. " \_Hiccup. \_No. He wouldn't. " He didn't see me at first so I picked up a branch and hit him hard. I carried you all the way here where you'd be safe and sound again."

When the last daisy lay crumpled inside the basket, mother turned my head so that I was facing her. She looked older. There were lines across her forehead and bags under her eyes. Silver hairs were even starting to show. I did this. I made her worry too much about me. If I hadn't left mother wouldn't have gone through this much troubled looking for me. I have been selfish and ignorant. I only saw my childish dreams.

"I'm so sorry mother." I whispered and collapsed into her arms.

She whispered reassuring words in my ear. "There, there. It's alright now my flower." She pulled back and lifted my chin so I could look

her in the eyes. "Just promise me that you will never leave this tower again. Do you understand Rapunzel?"

"Yes mother.

\* \* \*

><p>Voices filled my head and I struggled to stay afloat in my own mind. I stared at the ceiling above me, the paintings swirling and merging into one another, forming disjointed figures. The shadows of the afternoon stretched across the room, enveloping me in dimness. I kept thinking about what mother said. Was Hiccup really trying to kidnap me? Was all of this just a rouse? Was I really that stupid to let him take advantage of me?<p>

No I don't believe he would do that to me. He knew what the lanterns meant to me. He wouldn't just gain my trust and throw it in the mud. But then what do I know? He's a Viking after all. They're ruthless and unforgiving savages. My hands gripped the sheets. \_ He would never. He would never just kiss me. Why did he kiss me?\_

The ceiling looked as if it was dropping, ready to swallow me in darkness. The images were now spinning across the room and I forced myself to close my eyes. A pair of green eyes bore into the backs of my eyelids. I looked into them and I saw a dream. My new dream. And as I looked I realized that Hiccup has shown me so much of the world that I can only imagine in just two days. He showed me what it's like to live and be free; to be independent and to make your own decision. I looked at him and saw a life worth living. The only thing I had to do to live it is to stand up for myself. To run away. He made me realize that I am not a child who needed constant protection anymore.

And I knew in my heart that I am ready to go out there. I need to make mother see that. No more burdens, no more hesitations.

I pushed myself off the bed and silently crept into mother's room. I turned to the table pushed against the wall. Rummaging through the papers and books that lay there a slight rush of adrenaline crept into my body. When I couldn't find what I was looking for I walked over to the vanity. \_It has to be here\_. I opened one of the wooden drawers and after lifting a velvet cloth, I uncovered a long dagger. My fingers tentatively wrapped themselves around its hilt which was decorated with gems. Raising to inspect it, the blade gleamed in the dark, and then a flash of the palace guard's smiling sword appeared in my mind. I quickly went out of the room and returned to my own.

The curtains between the bedposts hung around me. I held the dagger, turning it over in my hand. I couldn't think straight but I knew I had to do it. There is no other way. I closed my eyes and pushed away any stray thoughts of the tower, of last night, of the lanterns, and of Hiccup. I closed my eyes and pictured a new life. I pictured my face red in the cold wind as I stood on a ship. I stood on a ship travelling across the world. I closed my eyes and thought of my new dream.

Holding my golden hair on my lap I started to sing my special song. The words were the same but they meant differently now. I used to sing it for my mother when she feels tired at night. Now, I sing for

myself.

'Flower gleam and glow' \_I don't fear the world. \_'Let your power shine' \_I don't fear what it holds for me. \_'Make the clock reverse' \_I have seen a part of it. \_'Bring back what once was mine.' \_And I'm ready to see more. \_'Heal what has been hurt' \_I have lived so much more than the eighteen years I've spent in this tower. \_'Change the fate's design' \_No more living in the dark\_. 'Save what has been lost' \_No more of just settling with wishful thinking and looking out of windows. \_'Bring back what once was mine.' \_I'm ready to fly. \_

I raise the blade.

'What once was \_mine.' \_

The blade gleamed. And with one sickening sound it came down, slicing through the glowing locks of magical hair. Strand by strand it broke and I watched it fall limp on my lap, the magical glow fading into brown. My hands trembled and dropped the blade, adrenaline pumping in my veins. I felt the rush of blood in my ears and it blocked out everything else. All I could hear was my mind. I thought at first it was fear that shook me, but I realized it wasn't. It was relief.

My legs stumbled when I got up. I stared at myself in the mirror and didn't recognize the person reflecting back to me. My hair, once a 70 feet tangled mess, now framed my face in brown locks. It reached just above my chin which made my face sharper and more angular. I gripped the ends of the vanity and pushed myself off. I found myself pushing open the curtains of my bedroom and slowly made my way down the wooden steps. The wood beneath my feet creaked. It was silent and dark inside the tower save for the shuffling of feet. Mother was preparing dinner.

"Mother?" I called out.

I stopped at the last step and waited for her to respond. I called out again. This time footsteps grew louder.

"Rapunzel what could possibly be the matter now? I-" Mother stopped dead in her tracks when she saw me, her eyes fixed on my chopped hair. I saw the way her whole expression changed darkly. It scared me.

Before she could react I said, "Mother, I can explain this-"

"What did you do?" She whispered, almost to herself. Her eyes were still on my hair and her whole body froze in confusion. I took a step towards her, cautiously reaching my hand out to her.

"Mother please let me explain."

And that was when I saw the other side of her. That was when every ounce of happiness and relief inside of me crept back into hiding as fear took its place. The eyes that once reassured me, that once were filled with worry when I scraped my knee or burnt my hand, were now filled with darkness. A darkness that mother has never shown to me before. I stood there cowering in fear of what might happen next.

Mother pushed past me and ran up the stairs towards my room. Shoving

the curtains aside she stood in the middle of the room and stayed there. Seventy feet of dark brown hair encircled her. They circled her menacingly as if it were a slap to her face. And it was though. For years mother had always taken good care of my hair. She brushed it till it shone in the firelight. And now here it was stripped of its magic. There it lay dull and useless. I was suddenly filled with regret that I couldn't bear to look at it.

"Rapunzel what have you done?" Mother's hands shook with anger. I couldn't make eye contact. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" She bellowed, her face turning red. I stumbled several steps back.

Before I could run down the stairs, mother grabbed me by my arm and forcefully led me back into the room. Her nails dug into my skin and it took everything I had not to scream in pain. I tripped over my hair but she kept pulling me. When she finally did let go I was sent down onto the floor, cowering in pain. I looked up at mother and I saw disgust in her face. And that was the first time she had ever inflicted any kind of pain on me. She never hurt me before, even when I broke one of her favorite vases as a child. And I was scared.

"Mother please..let me explain." I whispered, clutching at the ends of her dress. "You always told me how I can't go outside because people might hurt me for my hair." My words turned into soft sobs but mother's face never changed. "So I-I cu-cut it. I cut it off so I can go."

"You mean so you could run away." Mother said.

"No! Never like that, mother." I started to get up and hugged my elbows. I still couldn't make eye contact. "It's just that you know I've always wanted to go outside. I've always wanted to be a part of what's out there." I looked out the open window downstairs and closed my eyes, reminiscing of the memories of the last 2 days. "And I always thought that it was unfair that I can't do that because my hair has always been a burden."

There was silence between us and I kept hoping mother would understand. After all these years of begging and refusals, I still clung onto one last strand of hope and understanding. Please. I lifted my face to look at her but I was looking at a stranger. Mother's face was blank and unrelenting.

"No." She said softly, making the hairs on my arm rise. "You are so selfish Rapunzel."

She walked slowly towards me and I backed away until I felt the edge of my bedside table. Mother stopped a few inches in front of me. I winced as she brought her hand up to my face, thinking she would hurt me. But when I felt her cup my cheek I relaxed and breathed out slowly. And for a few moments I forgot about what she said until I realized the anger never left her eyes. "You have always been selfish."

Her hand went up to my hair and gripped it hard. I cried out in pain as she grabbed at my hair and threw me across the room. I crawled away but she caught up and clutched at my arm, making me stand up. I looked into her eyes and I felt no more relief. I felt nothing but dread of what will become of me.

"You want me to be the bad guy? Now I'm the bad guy."

And the familiar stretch of darkness embraced me once again.

\* \* \*

><p><em>They started to disappear as the stars took their place in the sky. I watched them go, I watched them leave Corona until new ones light up the sky a year from now. I was back in the boat. I was back in my own memory of last night. And everything was in their place. The waves, the wind and the silence. But I was alone. The seat in front of my where Hiccup should have been was empty. And then the scene changed. My feet met the cold damp ground with stones and twigs sticking out of it. The forest called out to me and I entered the darkness. It was all so hauntingly familiar and I searched for a way out.<em>

\_Then I saw him. I saw Hiccup standing right in front of me, the dim moonlight shining down on him. I took a step towards him.\_

\_"Hiccup!" I say. He didn't respond. His hair swooped down and shadowed his face, covering his eyes. The eyes that I dreamed of. I reached out and brushed it to the side. My mouth choked out his name in a desperate whisper. This time he lifted his face to look at me. But what I saw wasn't Hiccup. It was a Viking. It was an alien person. His eyes were blank and lifeless.\_

\_"I should have killed you when I had the chance"\_

\_I stumbled back and ran from him as fast as I could. It's just a dream. I thought. None of this is real. It's just a dream. Wake up Rapunzel, wake up!\_

"Wake up!"

I sat up heaving in stuttering breaths but something held me back from getting up. I looked down at myself and found my hands tied down with chains. Panic rose inside of me and pulled at it. My scream muffled through the cloth tied around my mouth. It formed and stayed in a lump in my throat and I struggled to breathe.

"You've been out too long." Mother said from a dark corner. She had the hood of her dark cloak pulled over her head, hiding her face from me. I squinted in the dimness of the room.

"Mother? Wh-what"

She silenced me by pulling at the long train of metal chains, causing me to fall forward. My head met the stone floor in a sickening sound and I almost drifted back into unconsciousness. Tears brimmed in my eyes and I sat up again, leaning against the leg of a table. Mother moved across the room, and I saw something move behind her. As she walked towards me I realized she was carrying what was once my hair. She held it into a bundle in her arms, as if it still held its power within its strands. The endless train of brown hair trailed behind her, mocking me.

Mother crouched down in front of me and I noticed that her hands were



aged and pale. I searched for her face.

"Look at what you've done, Rapunzel." She whispered. I had to look away. "LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE"

She grabbed my chin and forced me to face her. She then took off her hood. I gasped at her. No, that isn't mother. She had aged so much but it wasn't possible. \_It wasn't possible\_. Her skin was pale and sickly, her eyes were dark and sunken and lines were drawn across her forehead. Her hair had turned silver down to the ends. She shook me, the hair she so preciously carried forgotten on the floor. Then it happened so fast. A blow sent me to the side; flesh meeting concrete and nausea crept into my system. I gave up on resisting. My arms fell limp. My lungs were beaten as my ribs closed in on them, pushing out air with every strike. \_I deserve this.\_

"You worthless brat!" I heard her say. And the tears I have long been forcing back came rushing down, dropping onto the cold concrete floor soundlessly. I lay my head on the floor and watched the world spin into darkness. I watched it being ripped apart in shreds, vulnerable as paper. My eyes started to close, tears clouding my vision. And as I drift into unconsciousness the last thing I heard was \_thunder\_.

\* \* \*

><p><em>I was flying. The clouds went rushing by, forming tiny droplets of water around my fingers. The world dropped beneath me, the mountains turning into dots of life and the oceans turning into puddles. The sun shone in all its magnificence above me. Its rays stretched out like the one I drew on the village streets. It stretched out across lands, sparkled on the surface of seas and brought the promise of dawn to the other side of the world. My hands reached out towards it<em>

\_Then I was falling.\_

I sat up and immediately regretted it. My vision blurred sending aches to my head.

"Rapunzel." My name echoed in my mind. It sounded as if I was underwater and the words came muffled. \_Rapunzel\_. It said again. As my eyes adjusted to my surroundings I began to make out a figure crouching in front of me. The chains that held me captive rattled and shook. Beads of sweat trickled down my forehead. "Rapunzel, I'm going to get you out of here." The person said. It was still too dark and blurry to see anything but when I did, who I saw made me jump as far as I could. My head hit the wall and I started seeing red dots. I backed up against the wall until my feet started to hurt from rubbing against the hard floor. The Viking hesitantly reached out towards me and despite my muffled protests he held my head with both his hands and made me look at him.

"Listen, we don't have much time. I'm going to get you out. Didn't I tell you to wait back at the boat?" He said as he tried to remove the chains. As soon as it came off I wriggled free of his grasp and put as much distance as I could between us. And for some unknown reason I suddenly felt a rush of anger towards him. The cloth around my mouth came loose.

When he came forward I stepped back. "\_Don't \_you come near me." I

warned, stumbling slightly on my neglected hair. A confused look registered on the viking's face and he stopped in his tracks. Everything hurt. My chest closed in and my head burned. Everything felt heavy and all I wanted was to collapse back down. "Don't come near me. Don't touch me and \_don't \_talk to me." I growled. \_Traitor.\_ But as much as I tried to stay angry and hurt at him a feeling of fondness still crept into me. I shook it off.

"You're being stupid."

"I'm being stupid?" My voice grew louder and shook with such intensity it frightened me. "You were going to hurt me! You were going to befriend me and then betray me for my hair! You planned everything that happened yesterday!" I tasted salt as tears streamed down my face. I didn't care anymore. I don't know who to trust anymore. I stood there shaking. Then finally I had enough. I dropped to my knees. How could my life crumble into pieces in a matter of days? Then two arms encircled me and being overcome by hopelessness I collapsed into him.

Hiccup pulled back and cupped my cheeks. I looked at him. "You don't know what you're saying Rapunzel. I would never try to hurt you. Never."

"Then who-"

"I don't know. But when I came back to the boat last night, you were gone. I looked everywhere for you." He said in a soft voice. I looked at him when he said it; when he said it with sincerity. He was telling the truth. But if he didn't try to kidnap me, then who did?

He helped me up. "Rapunzel" Hiccup said. "Remember what we talked about last night?" I slowly nodded, barely registering the words. Who tried to kill me? My mind raced with the events of last night. I couldn't possibly guess who my captor was since it was pitch black then. "Rapunzel?" I shook myself out of my reverie. "We can go. Right now." Hiccup took both my hands and started pulling me towards the open window. I nodded and went with him.

"She's not going anywhere." A voice called out behind us which made us stop. I turned around to see mother, aged and pale, leaning against a chair. She started walking towards us. Hiccup grabbed me and pulled me behind him. "The girl stays with me, \_Viking\_."

"No."

Mother frowned then it slowly turned into a terrifying smile. "Very well." Then I saw it. The poised dagger glinted in her hand. I saw it coming, I saw it swoop down hunting for its next victim. The blade sliced through the air and I gasped when I realized it aimed for Hiccup; to where his armor was vulnerable. I pushed him out of its way and we both fell down, one gasping in shock and the other in pain. I turned him over and saw blood soaking the leather. He presses down his hand onto his side, ignoring the pain. Panicking, I grabbed a handful of the hair beneath us and wrapped it around the wound.

"Flower gleam and glo-"

I gasped as mother grabbed me by my hair and pulled up.

"Oh you're not going to do that" She asked, turning me around and raised the dagger once more. This time though, this time I stop her. My hand fastened around her wrist. Mother cried out and dropped the blade. It met the stone with a loud sound.

"No." I stared at her defiantly. "Mother. Stop this. Just let me do what I want \_for once\_."

I reasoned but it was no use. I found myself falling back onto the floor again. I gasped as shots of pain went down my side. Mother reached for her blade and walked towards Hiccup to finish him off. \_No. I can't let her do that. \_My hand reached for the hair beside me. Everything went numb but I pulled as hard as I could. And it caused mother to trip and fall forward, the blade flying off her hand.

"Hiccup!" I called to him. Hugging my left arm I pushed my way towards him. The blood had barely stopped flowing but he was okay. I slid hid arm over me and we limped towards the window. "We're getting out of here." I whisper to him. He staggered but managed. Once we were looking out the window, he called out to something from below.

A few seconds later wings beat the air and the dragon flew towards us. Its familiar face made me breathe a sigh of relief. Hiccup quickly grabbed hold of Toothless' saddle to keep him on hair and stretched out his hand for me. I took hold of it and pushed myself off the edge of the window. But as soon as my foot left it a hand grabbed my ankle and pulled me back, almost causing me to fall.

"Hiccup!" I gasp and tried to push mother off.

"You insolent child!" Mother sneered through gritted teeth and yanked me hard. My hand slipped and I thought I would surely die this time. In those brief moments an image of me falling a hundred feet onto the ground flickered in my mind. I imagined myself cold and unmoving on the grass. But just as my fingers lost touch of his hand, Hiccup other hand grabbed me and gathering all my strength I heaved myself onto the dragon's back. And with one flicker of a second, with one wing beat, I saw it happen. I saw mother's hand lose grasp of my foot. I saw her lose balance and tip forward. I saw her fall.

Her scream rang in my mind and I couldn't help but look at her as her voice faded into air. I gasp when the only thing that hit the ground was her cloak and a cloud of ashes escaping from it. My arms found their way around Hiccup's waist, avoiding the gash at his side. We're going to have to do something about that later.

"Are you okay?" He asked. I nodded my head even though his back was towards me.

I leaned into his back and breathed him in. He still smelled of the world. And it made everything okay. For now everything was as okay as it will ever be. Hiccup gently prodded Toothless forward and soon we were flying above the trees just like how it was days ago. The wind flowed freely through my now short hair and I close my eyes. I

suddenly felt exhausted. Toothless swooped up towards the sky. The sun shone on us, illuminating our bodies, driving away the shadows. I tilted my head towards its outstretched rays and soaked it in.

Then it hit me. This was my miracle.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>A.N.<strong> aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaand the story is officially on hold DDD:

yeah sorry if everything seemed a bit rushed.

>I hope I'll be able to continue this right after i watch httyd2 but then there's school and homework and i have to review for this huge exam (in preparation for college sort of idk how to explain it) in august. but we'll see<p>

and as for violet hour, well... \*sweats\* i was halfway through it then i changed the whole chapter bc bipolar issues. so maybe in like a week or so idk I DONT KNOW OMG im sorry im such a mess

love you dont forget to leave a nice review :))))))

## 7. Filler

yo

>hehehehhehehehehhehhehehehe im back<br>and im not even gonna provide an excuse this time bc y'all probably know the usual reasons

so anyways here's an extremely short filler while i finish chapter 7

\* \* \*

><p>It started out a small spot pressed against the night that enveloped the world. The glow looked so out of place but soon after it was followed by another. And then another. The flitted across the sky like small fireflies sputtering small sparks of yellow light. I reach out my hand but they were too far away. So I stood there in the dark. Helpless. Alone. But I wasn't afraid.<p>

I had the lights.

They have been with me all along.

I gazed up and it was almost as if daylight itself greeted me. I was suddenly taken back to the night of the lantern festival and how the lanterns lit up its path and how everything suddenly became clear to me. This was where I belonged; in the light, where I could run free and not be bound by chains and limitations. I am the sun. I am the stars and the lights that guide the night.

But there was this small hole in my chest that I have been trying to push away all this time. It was a terrible feeling of melancholy and sadness that I couldn't quite grasp yet. It was the ache that I feel when the sun starts to bury itself at sunset. It was the ache that I felt when I woke up back in my tower. It was the ache that I feel when I absent-mindedly look at Hiccup.

And I think to myself.

It's a beautiful ache.

\* \* \*

><p>\*gross laughter<p>

oh yeah i deleted my tumblr bc of reasons

8. Author's note please read

/rises from the grave with a hellu guilty look on her face

hi

i know u probably dont remember this anymore

but hello it's me hello this is atwp

it's been a year

im in college now

and everytime i check my email (it's the same one i use for school) i still see notifs about people reading my stuff and it just really bugs me because i feel guilty for just disappearing for a whole year

so to save everyone else the trouble im going to discontinue the story

bc honestly i think the last chapter (the filler) was an ok ending rly hahahaha i know im so mean

dont get me wrong i still love hiccunzel but the drive isn't there anymore

this sucks a lot for me because i was really hyped on finishing this and i had a lot of big plans but now it's just all gone

im really sorry guys

im also discontinuing my other stories :(

End  
file.